

THE
French Conjuror.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted
At the Duke of York's Theatre.

Written by T. P. Gent.

Serpit humi tutus.

Licensed,

Aug. 2. 1677.

RO. L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N :

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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.



S Prefaces are commonly nothing to the purpose, even so little an Author as a Bookseller may venture to write one. And to shew you that this is as modish an Epistle as most are, I do assure you, it has as little in it as any you ever read. In the first place I have nothing to say about the Play: for as the Author stood upon no Reputation in the Acting of it, so he has none to defend in the Publica-

Bookseller to the Reader.

lication. Nor has he any thing to say about the Critiques: for as he never intends to trouble the Stage agen, he has no occasion of begging their Favours in Reverfion, and fecuring of Votes beforehand. And for his Brother Poets, he has nothing to say to them neither; no, not fo much as to rail at them. And laft of all, the Author has nothing to say for himfelf, nor I for him; and fo I am

Your

Humble Servant.

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

*Since 'tis the Womens Play, I hope you will excuse
What're we bring, because it comes from us.
Consider what the Stage has done, and Plays,
Of all things, most deserve your love and praise.
And, Gallants, though you are but seldom good,
Yet to us women most of all you shou'd.
No sooner comes a Beauty here in play,
But strait your Coach and six takes her away.
And you who cull the Flock, should be so kinde
To comfort the forlorn you leave behinde.
Besides, no sooner are your follies known
But Fop on Stage is strait so lively shewn, }
Nay, and his Picture too so ugly done, }
'Twould fright him into sense. Thus Plays are writ
To breed you Mistrisses, and teach you Wit :
And, Gallants, 'twere ill-natured, I protest,
To like the Birds, and yet destroy the Nest.
But if in spight you'll still grow worse and worse,
I will e'ne give you this one hearty Curse :
May all the mighty Sums you ever sent
Your Mistrisses, be on your Valets spent ;
And when at Nine months end the Mifs grows sickly,
May none of all the Brats you own be like ye.*

Actors

Actors Names.

<i>Avaritio,</i>	A rich old covetous <i>Spaniard</i> .	Mr. <i>Jevon</i> .
<i>Claudio,</i>	A young noble <i>Spaniard</i> .	Mr. <i>Crosby</i> .
<i>Derido,</i>	In love with <i>Clorinia</i> .	Mr. <i>Gillo</i> .
<i>Horatio,</i>	His Friend.	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Truro,</i>	<i>Claudio</i> 's Servant.	Mr. <i>Pursevall</i> .
<i>Monsieur.</i>		Mr. <i>Anth. Leigh</i> .
<i>Audacio,</i>	<i>Horatio</i> 's Bravo.	Mr. <i>Richards</i> .
<i>Pedro,</i>	A Gold-wire-drawer.	Mr. <i>John Lee</i> .
<i>Valerio,</i>	<i>Avaritio</i> 's Son.	
<i>Clorinia,</i>	<i>Avaritio</i> 's Daughter.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Leonora,</i>	<i>Pedro</i> 's Wife.	Mrs. <i>Hughs</i> .
<i>Sabina,</i>	Servant to <i>Claudio</i> .	Mrs. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Scintilla,</i>	<i>Clorinia</i> 's Maid.	Mrs. <i>Eliz. Leigh</i> .
<i>Millia,</i>	A Maid-servant to <i>Claudio</i> .	
Servants, Bravoes, Watchmen, Messengers.		

The Scene *Sevil*.


THE

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T H E French Conjuror.

The first A C T.

Enter Senior Claudio alone.

Claud.  Ell, I am resolv'd to win this pretty Creature, whatever it cost me : I'll spend the value of half a *Spanish* Plate-Fleet, but I'll have her.

Enter Sabina.

[He embraces her.]

Dear *Sabina*, welcome my little Princess ; if thy Cargo consists of that dear treasure Hope, unlade, unlade : what news ? no signe, no light, no glimmering ? what hopes ? tell me.

Sab. Senior *Claudio*, question not the success of your designe ; for I have made such a progress already into it, as will admit of no obstruction.

Claud. Flie to the relation of it.

Sab. Well, thus it is : Your dear *Leonora*, and the fool her Husband, takes it for granted that I am Servant to my Lady Abbess of the Covent of St. *Sylveſter* ; and under that character I have been several times with them for gold-wyre for the use of the Covent, as I pretend. The advantage they hope from the custom of the Covent by my means, gains me a very favourable reception.

Claud. And the charge of it, *Sabina*, I will not grudge to bear ; thou mayst command my whole Estate upon this Errand.

Sab. Well then, if I do not deliver this Fort, with all the Outworks belonging to it into your hands, and before this night be over, may I never bring kinde couple together again, but live as poor and wretched as a Confessor in a Garison, and as shabby as a Bawd in a Pillory.

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Claud. And if thou dost, be confident to be as happy as I can make thee.

Sab. Marry, Senior, and my own happiness is so material a thing, that should I omit any thing that might gain it, I wish all the Curses of an *Ash-wednesday* may fall upon me.

Claud. I fear, *Sabina*, you will finde it a more difficult piece of service than you yet apprehend : for she is so tainted with that morose Spanish gravitie of ours, that she put the Slight upon the Charms of Treats and Presents.

Sab. Then she's no *English* woman, I dare swear : for, as I am informed, Treats and Presents meet with no opposition there. I have wisht my self in *England* many a time.

Claud. Why so, *Sabina* ?

Sab. Why, Senior, 'tis the Land of Priviledge for women : the very daughter of a Landress there, after she bears the honourable title of a Miss, expects, nay commands Attendance and Equipage suitable to a Dutcheß. And for the men, they are such lovers of change of Faces, that 'tis thought if there were a Colony of *Lapland-Witches* transported thither, for the sweet sin of Variety, they would sometime be courted for Beauties. And now I talk of Variety, how do you think, Senior, I might pass there ?

Claud. You are pleasant, *Sabina* ; but all this adds nothing to my affairs : therefore prethy remove the Scene from *England* into *Spain*, and tell me, shall my dear *Leonora* —

Sab. Well, Senior, and now you put me in minde of *England*, I cannot chuse but pity your case, that such a noble young rich Don as you should be put to that toil, that charge, and that trouble, for the obtaining such a paltry creature as a Citizens Wife. An Intrigue with a Citizens Wife in *England*, is as common as a Frolick at a Carnival here, and has full as little danger in't. There's no locking up their Wives, nor engaging whole Families to punish their frailties. If a Gallant be caught in the fact by a Wives Brother, nay, or a Husband himself, he may as easie come off for Adultery there, as a man may for Murther here. The Gallant gets but out of the way for sanctuary, and the Wife gets her Parents to make up the Breach, at worst, but to pay a new Portion, and all is well. The kinde Cit uses his Wife that wrongs him, as he does the man that robs him ; he had rather have his stolen goods quietly agen, than to hang the thief and loose them.

Claud. Well, but to my business.

Sab. Aye, aye, to your business ; you shall have her, you shall have

have her : I am already so forward in my projection, that —

Claud. Kinde wench !

Sab. She's your own, and so your Servant Sir. Expect to see me come loaded with the best news you ever heard in your life : Such a Mistress, and such a Plot

Claud. Hark you, one word more.

Sab. Your Servant, your Servant.

[Exit.

Claud. Whirz ! — Well, if her wit be as fleet as her heels, the Devil's in't if I miscarry. This is the nimblest little Bawd I ever met with : Most of her profession are such heavie bundles of filth, that the very sight of the nauseous Caterer is enough to spoil a mans appetite to the Venison.

Enter Servant.

Sir, there's a Monsieur came from *Madrid* would speak with you.

Claud. Go fetch him in.

Enter Dorido and Horatio.

You are come in a very fortunate minute.

Dor. Why, Senior ?

Claud. Faith, to give me your approbation of a Monsieur I have sent me from *Madrid*.

Hor. Dam your Monsieurs, I hate 'em.

Claud. Faith I am no admirer of 'em my self; but the Embassadors kindness I could not refuse.

Enter Monsieur and Truro.

Well Gentlemen, how do you like my Frenchman ?

Dor. There's a head of hair like the Forest of *Arden*.

Hor. And a pair of Breeches like the Crim Tarters Pavilion. The French and English are such Prodigals, that you shall have a French Monsieur, or an English Lord, bestow more in cloathing themselves and Footboys, than would compleatly robe all the Infantry belonging to one of our Spanish Armies.

Dor. Senior Claudio, if you do not put the change upon his Dress, your whole Fortune must go to purchase him Ribbon, Pantaloons, and Perrywigs.

Claud. Fear not that : I intend that one yard of Cloath shall make him a whole Sute, and one Mode serve him his life.

Hor. I would gladly know the reason of the mutability of those people : I have seen a French Courtier in twelve several Modes in one day.

Dor. The reason I'll tell you : They make an advantage by it.

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Claud. An advantage? prethee how?

Dor. They have gain'd such an influence over the *English* Fops, that they furnish them with their *French* Puppy-dogs for *Valet de Chambres*.

Claud. And I have heard of an *English* Captain that threw up his Commission because his Company would not Exercise after the *French* Discipline. But your opinion of my Monsieur.

Dor. Gad, mine is, that one born and educated in the very bowels of the various Modes of *France*, and one that has lived among the Belly-gods of *England*, can never make a fit Servant for the gravity and severity of our *Spanish* Dress and Diet.

Claud. Take the Monsieur in, and let the Taylor and Barber be sent for, and bid 'em be sure to put him into a right *Spanish* dress. Here's a Bush fit for a Signe-post, and there's a pair of Breeches so large, that the motion of 'em is enough to raise a Hurricane. Sirrah, let his Breeches be made straight, and stufft with Whalebone, to reduce his Limbs into a *Spanish* Posture. These Monsieurs walk and salute as though their Joynts went on hinges.

Monsf. Let me pray give te little more room in te Breek, for te varre good reason.

Claud. Your reason.

Monsf. Fait me have te var sore Breek. Oh te damn'd Osteler tat sent a me from *Madrid* on te damn'd trotting-horse; and te pockie *Spanish* Gypsey in te ditch, Morbleau.

Claud. Well, I am satisfied with your reason; your Breeches shall be a little larger.

Monsf. Me confests te var great Obligation. [*Exeunt Monsf. & Serv.*]

Claud. Well, I finde I shall have a hopeful Servant of this Monsieur; but before I have done with him, he shall be able to give lessons of Frugality to both the Courts of *England* and *France*.

Exeunt.

Enter Pedro and Leonora.

Ped. We are infinitely bound to my Lady Abbess for her good custom.

Leon. So are we to her Servant *Sabina*. Well, that's an innocent virtuous Maiden, on my Conscience.

Enter Sabina.

Look, Husband, where she comes. Welcome, dear *Sabina*, how does my Lady Abbess?

Sab. She is well, and making heavenly preparation for her self and all her good friends.

Ped.

Ped. I am glad to hear that; then I hope we shall not be forgot.

Sab. Be confident of that.

Ped. Then, Wife, we will e'en leave that tedious troublesome work of heavenly preparation to that good Lady; for she understands the knack of it better than we: besides, she has nothing else to do.

Leon. Good Husband, talk not so profanely.

Ped. Good Wife, by your favour, is it not a little unconscionable for a man to be put to the Trouble of making provision both for this world and the next too?

Leon. Oh fie upon you for a wicked man!

Sab. Well, Senior *Pedro* and *Leonora*, I have a request to you both, from my Lady Abbess.

Ped. What is it, *Sabina*? but no matter what it is, for I will grant it before I know any further: So will you, Wife, will you not?

Leon. But however, *Sabina*, let us know my Ladies commands first: It is not discreet to subscribe to a blank.

Sab. It is to bear my Lady company to morrow, being the *Midsummer*-feast: And this, I hope, *Leonora*, you will not refuse.

Leon. I were to blame, if I should.

Ped. Nay, thou deservest to be curst by Bell, Book and Candle, if thou dost. But have a care, Wife, that you do not return as some Puritan Ladies have done, who will not admit of carnal converse with their Husbands, because wicked and profane, and pretend a command from the Spirit for it; which in my conscience, if there be such a thing as Divinity in Matrimony (and Faith that's a question, as the world goes now) such a command must come from the Devil.

Leon. Do you think, Husband, that my Devotion can ever injure my Love or Obedience?

Ped. I hope not, Wife; but you must pardon me if I a little fear it: for I have observed that those who are so passionately in love with Religion, never love any thing else: All other duties must be slighted for that. You shall have a Wife shut her self up for a whole day to prepare for an evenings Vespers, and then unconscionably deny her Husband a whole nights Benevolence to prepare for a mornings Lecture. Out upon her!

Leon. Well, Husband, if you fear that, I'll stay at home.

Ped. No, go, and take my Prayers along with thee, that thou mayst return so severe in Sanctity, that thou mayst be able to work Miracles, whilst I get an Abbots Estate by shewing 'em.

Sab. Devotion destroy Obedience, Senior *Pedro*? in that you are mistaken:

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mistaken : I have as much Zeal as may justly title me Religious, yet it never obstructed my duty to my Lady, or love to my Friend : A hundred Prayers a day I never omit ; and I think that may be call'd Zeal.

Ped. Yes marry, and the height on't too. Thou exceedest me Ninety eight : two short Prayers a day I can make a hard shift to run over, and I think that's enough in Conscience for a man that ne'er designs himself a Factor in Piety. I did at a high Festival once, but venture at the trouble of Four Avemaries extraordinary, and it threw me into a Fever of six months after.

Sab. But Sir, the Gold Wyre. I shall be chid for staying.

Ped. I'll step and fetch it.

[*Exit Pedro.*]

Sab. I shall think the time long till I see you in the Monastery : You will finde a Reception there you little expect.

Leon. Indeed, *Sabina*, every minute will be an age to me, till I am at that pious Feast.

Sab. You'll meet such warm devotion there, let me tell you, you'll have a heav'nly entertainment.

[*Enter Pedro.*]

Red. Here's the Gold Wyre. Was there ever such Obligations thrown upon wretches of our mean condition ? Well, Wife, we are the happiest people in the whole world : Such a Customer, and such a Lady Abbess---I can't but think how she'll tickle thy sweet imagination with her heav'nly Company.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene opens and discovers Truro the Taylor and Barber dressing the Monsieur in a Spanish habit ; and all the while they are dressing him he swears to himself.

Monf. Journee Morbleau ; oh Diabolo, Diabolo, &c.

Trur. Prethy Monsieur be patient ; look in this Glafs, and be so wise as to grant this dress much better than Pantaloons and Perriwigs.

[*He looks in the Glafs.*]

Monf. Begar, mater Fashner, te Devil take you for mine Breck ; my foy, me must do my beseness in te Breck.

Tayl. A pox on you ; and be glad you have Brecks to do your business in.

Monf. Well, me vill make te varre great complaint to Senior *Claudio*.

Tayl. If you do, the next Breeches I make you, shall be so straight that they shall be laced on.

Trur.

Trur. But hark you; what shall we do for Mustachioes?

Barb. I have an artificial pair will do as well, till his own grows up. [Puts him on a beard.]

Monf. Te little Vig and te grand Mustach, be var fine tings for te *Spanish* Commodity. Begar, var me in *London* in tis garb on *St. Taffies* day, me should be hang on te Signe-post for te *Jack-a-Lent*.

Trur. I wish he had been hang'd, before he came hither, that it might have stopt his journey.

Monf. Now me be te right *Spaniard*.

Tayl. Yes marry are you, and by the virtue of that drefs may challenge as much freedom as any he in *Sevil*.

Barb. Your Mustaches secure you against all affronts.

Monf. My foy, var fine; ten tare for your Mater Circumfiser--and tare for you te dama'd Fashner. [Bents one, and kicks tother.]

Excunt Barber and Taylor.

Enter Claudio.

Claud. What's the matter here?

Monf. Begar me be var glad you be come to Fashner and Barber.

Claud. What have they done?

Monf. My foy, mine Breck be much te straight, and te Mustach so great, tat it much be trouble to sup the Pottage, Morbleau.

Claud. Your Breeches must be straight to put your legs and whole body into a right order. Come, let us see you walk.

Monf. Be not tis var well? [Walks.]

Claud. Is not that better than going and saluting as though your body were dis-joynted, and every limb taking leave of one another? *Truro*, how do you like the Monsieur now?

Trur. So well, that when I die I'll make him my Executor.

Monf. Indeed, *Truro*, me give te var great thanks for te civility.

Claud. You are beholding to *Truro*, Monsieur; and, *Truro*, you have a great deal of reason to esteem the Monsieur, for he is recommended to me for a man of Parts, and a great Proficient in the study of Astrology.

Trur. Oonds, does he look like a Conjuror?

Monf. None my foy, me be no Conjure, but me have te little acquaintance wit te Star.

Claud. That is an Art I have a kindness for. I must propose a Quetition to you; if you can give me satisfaction in it, you shall command what respect you please.

Monf. And begar if me give you not te var great satisfaction, let me

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me nere be drest A-la-mode again. What be te Question, Senior?

Claud. Whether or no I shall gain the thing I hope for? That's all I will say at present: a dark Question I must confess; but the Resolution of it will gain you the greater Reputation.

[*Monsieur pulls out an Almanack.*]

Monf. My foy, Senior, tis Question be deman in te hour of *Venus*, therefore it must be for te woman. To morrow me will tell you more.

Claud. Well, be sure you do. Be gone, be gone all.

[*Exeunt Truro and Monsieur.*]

Enter Sabina.

Methinks, *Sabina*, I read hopes in thy very looks.

Sab. Do you so, Senior? That's an argument your eyes are good, that can read at this distance without Spectacles.

Claud. Be quick, and tell me what you have done, *Sabina*.

Sab. Done! I have made *Leonora*, and her Husband both, believe that my Lady Abbess expects her company to morrow in the Covent. She has promis'd to be ready when I call her; and I will here promise to convey her into what room of your own house you please to have her. When I have done that, do you manage the rest as you please.

Claud. Dear *Sabina*, do this, and thou shalt drein me into Gold: do it, and thou shalt finde me as generous as a Miser on his death-bed.

Sab. Then fear not commanding what woman you please. Those Embassadors from *Pern* and *Mexico* negotiate more Love-affairs, than all the Ministers of *Cupid* put together. But, Senior, what stranger was that I see in the Family?

Claud. That's a *French* man presented to me by the *French* Embassadour, and a great Astrologer.

Sab. I must needs see him, and talk with him.

Claud. I'll bring you to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Truro and Monsieur.

Monf. What te Devil, must me feed on noting but te lang Sleeves, straight Breeks, and grand Mustach? Begar me do not like te diet var well.

Trur. Pox choak you, what would you have? Have you not already eat about three parts of a Pilchard, besides a dish of Vegetives? when half a one use to serve me above three days.

Monf. Damn te Pilchar, a barrel would be noting in my stomach. Oh te *Anglitar*, te boon *Anglitar*, me never break mine Fals tare, but wit half dozen Pigeon, Three four Chicken, good strong Beer, and half dozen bottle de Wine: Was not tat var boon, *Truro*? *Trur.*

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Trur. Boon ? a Devil on you ; if all this went to the making of a Breakfast, what the Devil must your Dinners and Suppers be ? That damn'd *Englisch* stomach of yours will ne'er make a fit Souldier for the Low Countries. Thou wilt ne'er be like the brave *Castilian*, who can carry as much Provision in his Mustaches as serves him a Campagne of six months.

Monf. Begar, me be so hungry, as tat me vill to my Closet and make complain to the Star, journee. [Exit.]

Trur. Thou mayst gaze at 'em long enough, before thou fill'st that unmerciful wem of thine.

Enter Sabina.

Sab. Did you see the Monsieur, *Truro* ?

Trur. Had you come a little sooner, you had seen a pretty War between him and his ravenous stomach. He is so hungry, that he's gone to Breakfast with *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Venus* ; where his food will be nothing but heads and tails of Dragons. But if the Cœlestial Cook dres's 'em up in foul dishes, he destroys his pocky squeazy *French* stomach.

Sab. Where is he gone ?

Trur. Into his studious Closet to stuff his Lunatick head, since he can get nothing for his belly.

Sab. Pray direct me to him.

Trur. Come, follow methen. Well, if there be such a thing as Astrology, a State-policie amongst the Stars, and this *French* fool be an Astrologer, the Cœlestial government has not over-wise headpieces for Privie-Councillours. [Exeunt.]

The second A C T.

Enter Clorinia and Scintillia.

Clor. O H, *Scintillia*, what a part have I to act ? To gain that little opportunity we have, I am forced to appear willing to live and die in a Nunnery, to humour my Father's covetous resolution of saving a Portion by me. Though I am satisfied, I cannot live without my dear *Dorido*.

Scin. Madam, Love was never subject to any Law, nor did ever call to its counsel Duty or Reason ; and if so, why should you bring
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your Obedience to a doating old Father, in competition with the love and preservation of your self and *Dorido*? Let the Sacred Knot be tied, Madam, and then farewell all dispute. Whether would you sacrifice your self to a peevish old Father, or make your self happy in an accomplish'd loving Husband? Come, be ruled by me; steer the neereft course to your own bliss.

Clor. I thank thee, *Scintillia*, for thy advice, and I will use all the means I can to follow it. But prethee what's a clock, Girl?

Scin. About Ten.

Clor. About that hour I expect *Dorido*. Prethee see if my Father be busie in discourse with that Gentleman that came to traffick with him for Pieces of Eight.

Scin. I go.

[*Exit.*

Clor. If *Dorido* come but at this luckie minute, I shall have the opportunity of letting him into the house; a blessing we rarely meet with. My Father, when he's within, watches me; when he goes out, locks me up for fear of being stolen; and when he goes to bed, takes the keys up with him: So that our stolen interviews are no neerer than from a Balconie, or through a Window; when iron bars and stone walls maliciously interpose.

Enter Scintillia,

Scin. Madam, if *Dorido* comes now, you are secure. Your Father is as safe as if he were in Heaven: He is within, counting his Bags at a large round Table spread with Gold.

Clor. Then I'm safe: His soul and body are both charm'd to that Circle. Oh that *Dorido* were but come! Hark, one knocks, that must be he. [*Scin. opens the door, and enter Dor. who runs and kisses her hand.*

Scin. Oh, Madam, the house is alarm'd! Your Father is a coming.

Clor. Step in here.

[*Shuts him into another room.*

Enter Avaritio, with a Bag under his arm, and another in his hand.

Avar. Oh, Daughter, did you not hear a noise in the house? I am confident somebody was attempting to rob us.

Clor. Indeed, Sir, I heard no noise that disturb'd me, till I heard you.

Avar. Why up so late, Girl?

Clor. Why, Sir, 'tis but Eleven.

Avar. Time for young Girls to be in bed.

Clor. Indeed, Father, I fell a reading my Lady *Sylvanes* account of a Religious life; and it so pleased me, I had quite forgot my self.

Avar.

Avar. Alas, poor *Clor*. thou art always thinking of the Monastery. I protest this Religion does so run in her head ! Well, have patience, the time draws nigh.

Scin. Yes, to marry *Dorido*.

[*Aside.*

Avar. Well, good night, *Clo*. So, so, haste, haste to bed, Girls.

[*Exit.*

Clor. A good night to you, Sir.

Enter Dorido.

Dor. I hope he had no mistrust of me.

Clor. No, no, this is but th'effect of his Fear, and the product of his Dreams. He dream'd last night of his being robb'd to day ; and he's so great an observer of Dreams, that whatever impression he takes in his sleep, is never to be removed when he wakes.

Scin. Hark, Madam, a fresh alarm. He is returning agen.

Clor. And if he finde you here, we're ruin'd. Oh, Sir, be gone.

Dor. Must I go---I cannot---But if I do, spight of the watchful eyes of an obdurate Father, my soul shall stay behinde---

Clor. Farewel, my faithful *Dorido*. Time I hope hereafter will be more kinde to us.

Dor. Were I not confident of that, I'd stay and dare my fate.

Clor. Oh, Sir, make haste !

[*He kisses her hand.*

Dor. Once more, and I am satisfied against all affliction.

[*Exit.*

Clor. Why did my fate this pleasing Scene begin ?

Just shew me bliss, then take it back agen !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Truro and Sabina.

The Monsieur is discover'd in his study at his Globe.

Trur. Look where he sits, like the man in the Moon with his bundle of sticks at his back, peeping into the Heavens as if he were acquainted there ; when, in my conscience, he is as great a stranger there as I am.

Sab. Prethee call him.

Trur. 'Tis to no purpose : His soul is got into the body and bowels of the Stars.

Sab. However call him.

Trur. Monsieur, Monsieur, are you at leisure ? have you done breakfasting with the Stars ? if you have, this friend of mine would speak with you.

Monf. Donna *Sabina* ! Oh my varre good friend, welcome.

Trur. I'll e'en leave you together.

[*Exit.*

Monf.

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Monf. What be your buſineſs !

Sab. I have a Queſtion to propoſe.

Monf. What be your Queſtion ? tis be de var good hour of *Luna*.

Sab. I am concern'd in an affair for Senior *Claudio*, and would gladly know what ſucceſs I ſhall have.

Monf. Oh, oh, me will tell you preſently.

[*He takes a Figure, looks on't.*

Sab. Dear Monſieur, make what haſte you can ; for I am to be at Senior *Pedro's* the Gold-wire-drawer, about Three a clock : Oh that fair Wife of his ! *Claudio* ſhall have her. Good Monſieur diſpatch.

[*Monſieur ſtarts up.*

Monf. Begar, me was ſo intent on te Figure, tat me forgot *Sabina* ; but now me will give you var great ſatisfaction. Tis about te woman, te fair woman.

Sab. It is, dear Monſieur, a Beauty.

Monf. She be te married woman, and her Huſband have te relation to te Gold trade.

Sab. He is a Gold-wire-drawer indeed : A bleſſing on thy prophetic Spirit ; this can be nothing but Divine Revelation. --- But Monſieur, for a confirmation of your judgement, deſcribe her to me.

Monf. I will. Hole---tis be a woman of te middle ſize, inclining---

Sab. Inclining to tallneſs.

Monf. To tallneſs : And as for her hair, it be---

Sab. Black.

Monf. Var black, her viſage var---

Sab. Round.

Monf. Round.

Sab. Oh heavenly, this is fine !

Monf. Let me ſee, her noſe pretty ſize ; but ſhe have a mark on her---

Sab. On her chin. You ſay right, Monſieur.

Monf. On her chin, and a mold on her---

Sab. Left cheek. Very right agen--prodigious--

Monf. Her left cheek. Shall I proceed, and tell her private marks ?

Sab. No, no, Monſieur, you have deſcribed her as exactly as if you had been married to her. But to my main buſineſs, ſhall I gain this woman for Senior *Claudio* ?

Monf. Me vill tell dat var quick. Here be *Sol* and *Luna* in Conjunction into ſeven houſe, var boon ; *Jupiter* and *Venus* look on te Aſcend wit te good grace. Begar, if he not get her, me will turn
citer

either te Physician or Divine, rail against te Star, and all toes tat give te credit to deir prediction.

Sab. Well, Monsieur, I know what I know : You must deal with the Devil.

Monf. O fee, fee ! no Diabolo--wit te Star, dat be all.

Sab. Well, certainly you must have the very soul of Prophecie--such a man--Well, you are sure he shall gain her ? --

Monf. Fait, te more sure of tat ten te Pope be of his salvation.

Sab. Nay then I'll never question it. Well, dear Monsieur, adieu. You shall have more of my Company. This Art is such a bewitching thing ; and I do so love a man of Parts ! Well, dear Monsieur, adieu.

Monf. Well, well, adue, adue.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Avaritio, Clorinia, and Valerio.

Avar. Will Senior *Claudio* be here to day ?

Val. Yes, Sir, I expect him.

Avar. He shall be welcome. I protest I have not seen him since his return from *Flanders*.

Val. I suppose you have heard of the worthy deeds he has done in those parts.

Avar. Indeed, Son, I have not heard of braver actions done by any man.

Clor. Who is this, Sir, that you give such a Character of ?

Avar. Senior *Claudio*, Childe.

Enter Claudio.

Senior *Claudio*, welcome. I protest you are so welcome to me--

Claud. Senior *Avaritio*, I have no question of it. The fair *Clorinia* !

Madam, the world is not so just in that Character it gave of you, though very honourable. Your Beauty I finde is much above what common fame has proclaimed it.

Clor. Senior, you are a Courtier, and therefore have the priviledge to flatter without wounding Reputation or Judgement.

Avar. Well, Senior, for all that Beauty you lay to her charge, she's resolved for a Nunnery.

Claud. A Nunnery, Sir !

Avar. Resolved upon it to a miracle.

Claud. Yes, where my friend *Dorido* acts the part both of Lady Abbess and Confessor.

[*Aside.*

Avar. But what do you say to this resolution of hers ?

Claud. Faith, Sir, I say she does well in it ; for she is too Divine for any service but Heaven's.

Avar.

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Avar. Now to try my Daughter, I will get *Claudio* seemingly to persuade her from a Monastick life.

[*Whispers in Claudio's ear, but speaks aloud.*
Good Claudio, see what arguments you can use to her to persuade her from this Covert-voyage : I would willingly have her marry, that she may make me an aged Grandfather.

Clor. It shall be none of my fault if you be not one. [*Aside.*

Claud. At your request I'll use my interest.

Avar. But I'll watch your----Now for the trial of my Daughters heavenly inclinations. [*Harkens to them.*

Claud. Madam, why so violently bent on a Nunnery ! I grant it may correspond with the Laws of Heaven, but not of Nature : for she undoubtedly designed you for a Mother of a most glorious Issue, or she would never have rob'd both Heaven and Earth for your composition. Can you imagine, Madam, that so much Beauty was designed to be concealed like a Taper in a Tomb ?

Avar. Good, I profess, Don. Now let's hear what she'll say to this. [*Aside.*

Clor. Senior *Claudio*, desist---You must allow, were I Mistress of a far greater share of Beauty and Parts than those you flatter me with, it were profaneness in you to say they were ill disposed on a religious life.

Avar. Oh my blest Child ! I see thou art not to be shaken.

Claud. Come, Madam, I must be plainer with you : I know you love *Dorido*, and let me beg you to love him well.

Clor. Yes, I will love him, and love him truly, love him as I ought.

Avar. What does she say ? [*Aside.*

Clor. I'll pray for him : That is the best and truest love, and that's the only love that I can pay.

Avar. Enough, *Clor.* enough. Come, Senior, I heard all. Oh my best Girl ! Well, this Religion is a sweet thing.

Claud. Why, did you hear us ? If you had not interrupted me, I had made a strange discovery.

Avar. As how, Senior ?

Claud. Only that this very *Dorido* that has been so long suspected for a Lover of hers, is so strangely possess'd ---

Avar. With what ?

Claud. Nay, they may e'en go together ; never were two so well pair'd.

Avar. Pair'd ? how, Sir ?

Claud.

Claud. Nay, they hit one anothers humours so exactly —

Avar. Pray, Sir, be plainer, I do not understand you.

Claud. Why, do I talk Riddles to you? I warrant you, you have not heard then that *Dorido* designs for a Covent?

Avar. Lord, Sir, not I, I profess.

Claud. Why 'tis all the talk of the Town. Not heard on't!

Avar. Not a syllable.

Claud. Are you in earnest?

Avar. Why, Senior, as I hope to be saved, you are the first man that ever told me on't.

Claud. Alas, Sir, it has been his private designe this Seven years, onely he durst not make it publick in his Fathers life-time, because his violent Father was so absolutely against it. But now his Estate is in his own hands, the world shall not hinder him.

Avar. Is't possible, Senior? Nay then I'll give him the greater freedom with my Daughter. I profess he was the onely man I feared.

Claud. This news is so stale, that I am half ashamed to tell it. I have 2000 *l.* of his in my hands already, for the building of an Hospital. He's not a man for this world, I can assure you.

Avar. Well, Senior, I applaud him; he's a prudent wise ingenious man, take it from me. This building of Hospitals is a fine thing. Truly I design'd to build an Hospital my self when I was a young man, but my Father, as thou sayst, was absolutely bent against it. Building an Hospital! You shall stay and dine with me for this good news. [Exeunt.]

The third A C T.

Enter Truro and Sabina.

Trur. **A** Pox take that nitty confounded *French* man, he has talkt and stargazed himself into more favour with my Master, than any true-born *Castilian* can ever expect to do with all his faithful service. How often has my Master condemn'd the *English* for being such Apes to the *French*, and now himself becomes guilty of as great a folly!

Sab. I hope not so, *Truro*.

Trur. Do you not see, that nothing is to be done in our Family, before

before application be made to the Monsieur for advice and counsel ?

Sab. Hold, *Truro*; he shall never command in chief there : I expect a Quarter-masters place at least.

Trur. Still we must be in the damn'd *English* fashion, a Whore or a *French* Rogue must command the whole Family.

Sab. What do you say ?

Trur. Faith, *Dona Sabina*, I am glad to hear you are like to have so great a power in the Family.

Sab. *Truro*, it shall be ne'er the worse for you.

Trur. Well, but as I was saying before, you see that the great Wig must be worn again, in despite of all opposition ; the grand Moun-tach, the grace and beauty of a right *Spanish* face, must now, *Turk*-like, be circumcised. Nay, the gravity of our Breeches, which for so many ages have scorned all change, must now, within their own Dominions, be outfaced with profane Pantaloons : and all this, because my Master is bewitched with his Astrologer.

Enter Claudio.

Sab. Senior *Claudio*, the Monsieur does so stick in *Truro's* stomach, that except you command a Peace, Wars will ensue.

Claud. The Monsieur merits all the freedom I give him ; but did he not, my actions shall admit of no controul.

Trur. Sir, I have known you the most violent against the *French*, of any Don in *Spain* ; but I see you are resolved to make the world believe the Monsieur is a Conjuror : for certainly nothing but Magick could make this alteration in you.

Claud. No disputes, but call him in. I suppose by this time he is in his A-la-mode agen.

Trur. If he be, *Sabina*, have you a care of him.

Sab. Why so, *Truro* ?

Trur. The air of his great fluttering Wig, and the waft of his Pantaloons, will blow your Coats about your ears.

Sab. Marry come out, my sawcie Companion ! I'd have you to know, my Coats are not blown up so easily.

Claud. Stay, *Sabina*, you shall see him in his *French* dress. *Truro*, call him in.

Trur. The Devil, if you please ; for he's the better Companion o'th' two. [Exit Truro.]

Sab. I see *Truro* is no lover of the *French*.

Claud. No, he is not. The *English* Mechanicks would throw a whole year into Play-days, on condition their great men loved the *French* and their Kickshaws no better.

Sab.

Sab. Are the *English* Dons such lovers of the *French* then ?

Claud. Oh so much, that a *French* Clap is more welcome at Court than a dull *English* Agree. Then their Language they do so doat on, that they have Masters out of *France* to teach *French* to their Magpies, Parrots, and Starlings. And if their Sawce be not *Frenchified*, their Meat is not fit for Dogs.

Enter Truro, and Monsieur combing his Wig.

Now I hope, Monsieur, you are drest to your own satisfaction.

Monf. We, Senior.

Claud. This is a very graceful drest, *Truro*.

Trur. Graceful ! Pox take him, he raises such a dust with combing his Wig, it's enough to stifle one.

Claud. How do you like that Hat, *Truro* ?

Trur. Why should his shallow Coxcomb have so broad a Covering ?

Claud. Methinks his Breeches are like the Tower of *Babel*, hung round with Confusion.

Trur. In my opinion they are like Bells hung in a Steeple, where his legs serve for Clappers.

Sab. Fie, Senior *Claudio*, you will destroy the Monsieurs good opinion of his drest.

Monf. Nonne, my foy, me like it much te better, for te pleasure it give Senior *Claudio*.

Claud. Go, Monsieur, you may to your study again. [Exit.

Trur. He likes your *spanish* diet so ill, that now will he mount himself upon a Cloud and ride into the Heavens to dine with those false Fortune-tellers the Planets ; a crowd of wandering Gypsies that pick our pockets with a lye, and we are such silly fools as to believe em.

Claud. Then, *Truro*, you have no great opinion of the Stars.

Trur. No more than of a pound of Candles lighted at the wrong end : for as sure as I am here, their influence over us at birth is equal. Nay, for my part I declare, 'tis my opinion, that a Candle lighted in the Room when and where the Childe is born, must needs have a greater power over it, than a Star in the Heavens some hundred thousand miles from it.

Claud. Well, you may say what you will ; but I have so great an opinion of Monsieurs study, though I think he's no great Conjuror, that I intend to be his Scholar. How like you that ?

Trur. Shall I be free in my answer ?

Claud. I'll give you the freedom of a Companion.

Trur. Then let me beg you not to concern your self with those Starry studies.

Claud. Why, prethee ?

Trur. Why, would it not be ridiculous for a man of your wisdom and quality to waste either time, money, or pains in drawing of a Circle, and then dividing of it into twelve parts, placing a Bull here, a Lion there, a Crab in one corner, and a Goat in another ; and then to fall a cursing that old Dog *Saturn*, that bloody Rogue *Mars*, that jilting Quean *Venus*, and that slie Cur *Mercury*, and the rest of the Gang, for looking askew on your Ascendant : and when all comes to all, and you come to give a grave judgement upon your Houses with all those monstrous Cattel in them, faith the conclusion is, Perhaps it may be so, and perhaps it may be otherwise ; and who the devil would give himself such a trouble about a Perhaps ?

Claud. And do you think there's no more truth than this in Astrology ?

Trur. Faith, no more truth in the answers of the Stars, than in a pair of Dice thrown upon the Wheel of Fortune.

Enter Monsieur.

Claud. I am glad you are come, Monsieur : Now if you can but say as much for the Stars as *Truro* has said against 'em, ——

Monf. Morbleau, what have *Truro* said agains te Star ?

Claud. Onely that there's ne'er a word of Truth nor a grain of Sense in Astrology.

Monf. Begar, me vill let you see tat tare be te much truth in te Star. Had te grand *Julius Caesar* take te advice of te Astrologer, my foy, he had no bin butcher in te Senate-house ; nor had *Henry* te second of *France* bin kilt riding at te Tilt, if he had been rule by te Astrologer : And let me tell *Truro*, if he no be rule by me, and mend his behaviour, he shall die by te Hangman.

Claud. What say you to this ? does not the Monsieur speak to the purpose now ?

Trur. Good Senior give me leave to turn Fortune-teller for once.

Claud. With all my heart.

Trur. Well then, if the Monsieur do not die of a *French Clap*, be buried in a House of Office, and afterwards be sung about the streets for a false Fortune-teller, let me ne'er feed more of any thing but Radishes.

Monf. My foy, Senior *Claudio*, me see tat te Star be so var anger
wit

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wit *Truro* for his slight 'em, tat me fear for his sake dey vill throw tar vengeance on te whole Family.

Claud. Truro, be gone ; I have some private business with the Monsieur.

[Exit *Truro*.

Come, Monsieur, your answer to the Question I propos'd.

Monf. Awe, Senior.

[Pulls out a Figure.

Tis Skeam vill tell me all.

Claud. Shall I gain this woman ?

Monf. Hole, hole ; here be *Mars* in Conjunction wit te fair *Venus*, and *Sol* look var well upon Madam *Luna* : Begar, if you no get her, me vill draw te Curtain before te Heav'n, tat te Star shall no more see vat ve do. But te *Dragon tail* in te second house make you pay var dear for her.

Claud. That I am confident on already. Go thy ways, Monsieur, if thy Prediction comes to pass, I am resolv'd to write a book in defence of Astrology. Yet

No matter what those idle Planets prate ;

She is the onely Star that tells my fate.

Exeunt.

Enter Avaritio, Clorinia, and Scintillia.

Avar. Clorinia, I am troubled at a dream I dreamt last night.

Clor. Fie, Sir, the prejudice you have received by those false Visions, should, one would think, make you not regard 'em. What was it, Sir ?

Avar. You are concern'd in't.

Clor. I, Sir !

Avar. It was, That thou hadst changed thy Resolution for a Religious life.

Clor. That's the greater argument for it : for Dreams are always to be construed quite contrary to what they seem.

Avar. I protest I was mightily troubled at it.

Scin. Indeed, Sir, you have paid a dear rate for the experience of the truth of Dreams. Have you forgot since you untiled your house for a bag of gold you dreamt was hid in the Roof of it, and when you had done, found nothing but a Sparrows nest, and some few pieces of old Iron ?

Clor. And you may remember that another time on the same occasion, you kill'd a hundred head of Cattel, by reason you dreamt the Philosophers stone was to be found in their kidneys.

Avar. Away, you waggish girl.

Enter Dorido and Horatio.

Senior *Dorido*, welcome. Well, *Claudio* has told me all your designs.

Dor. My designs?

Avar. About you know what I mean.

Dor. What does he say?

Clor. My Father has heard of all your designe for Religion, your going into a Covent. The two thousand pounds you have put into *Claudio's* hand for the building an Hospital, is a very pious work.

Dor. I understand her.

Avar. To him, daughter, to him. Ah, you're well met, I profess.

Clor. Your pious care — to cheat my old Father, (*aside*) — to provide for another world, has strangely pleas'd me.

Avar. That's a good Girl. Do you hear, Senior? [*to Horat.*

Clor. Pursue this holy principle, and we shall meet together — as often as we please (*aside*) — in Heaven.

Avar. Hah!

[*Lifting up his eyes.*

Clor. My kinde Father, I say, — will ne'er suspect us, (*aside*) — will make me the happiest woman in the world — in letting me see you often, (*aside*) — in letting me lead a Religious life, and crown my days amongst a Quire of Cherubims.

Avar. Oh, my childe, my childe! let me embrace thee. This Religion is such a Jewel! Let your foolish sottish old Fathers breed up their Children in the vanities of the world, I have a Daughter will make an Angel.

Dor. Sir, by your favour let me answer her.

Avar. By all means, Sir; your discourse I know will charm her.

Dor. Madam, — Sister I should say, oh that you could but look into my Soul, and know how much I am transported — to see you thus kinde, (*aside*) — to hear you talk so piously.

Avar. Good agen. Well, such a Daughter, and such a Friend, are not in the world agen!

Dor. Your thoughts, divine Sister, are so much mine, such blifs, such charms, and such raptures there are — in thy dear Love, (*aside*) — in true Devotion, that on my knees I vow to live and die — my dear *Clorinia's*, (*aside*) — in a Cloyster.

Avar. Oh rise, rise, Senior. Well, you are a good man: Oh, *Dorido*, this is heavenly musick to my Daughter. Come, *Dorido*, since you are in so good a humour, you shall go in with me, and we'll discourse furdur of a Religious life.

Dor. Sir, I wait on you. But is it not your pleasure that *Clorinia* should go with us? A pious minde cannot be too much strengthen'd.

Avar. Alas, Sir, she has been reading all this afternoon. I protest she's

she's so given to Books, that I am afraid she'll pore her eyes out upon 'em. No, no, she shall stay and play a game at Chess with Senior
Horatio. You know Devotion must have a little respite.

Dor. Pox on him.

[*Exeunt Dor. and Avar.*]

Clor. Come, will you play?

Hor. If I do, I must be sure to loose. Chess is a game requires more care than a man of my temper can have in such fair company.

Clor. Come, venture that.

Hor. Madam, the opportunity's too precious to be so lost.

Clor. Ha! what's this?

Hor. Onely I dare not play with you, you are too much a Conqueror already.

Clor. Nay, then I'll call in better company.

Hor. Stay, Madam, hear me but one word, and then call in the Company to witness your Cruelty and my Misery.

Clor. Go on, Sir.

Hor. The danger of your Father's return, and the peace your Beauty robb'd me of, will not give me time nor thought enough for a studied address; therefore take it thus: [*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*]
I love you, Madam.

Clor. Are you in earnest?

Hor. Are doubts, fears, distractions, jealousies, and all the torments of a bleeding heart, things to be jested with?

Clor. And dare you tell me this?

Hor. Bid a wretch on a Wrack in all the agony of his dis-joynted limbs, not dare to groan, and be as easily obey'd.

Clor. And can you be this villain to your friend? Do you not blush? Does not your guilty blood flie in your Traytors face?

Hor. Madam, if I blush, 'tis not my Treason, but my Love that brings that glowing colour in my face. I can't keep down my boy-ling blood and carry

Such fire as mine within me. Dear Madam,
Have you no pity for my sighs? Yes, do,
Resolve to see me die.

Clor. To see you damn'd.

Yes, Devil, to thy hell, there thou wilt finde
A conversation fit for thy black Soul.

Had you proclaim'd defiance to your friend,
Renounc'd his friendship first, and then invaded
His right, your guilt had been more pardonable:

But the base Hypocrite's a part so abject,
As is below my scorn.

Hor. Her scorn !

Clor. A Rebel is a glorious Villain, when a Traytor
Is but a despicable slave. But, Sir,
To put an end to your vain hopes, were your Love
As brave and generous as 'tis base and barbarous,
I should abhor the thoughts of him that could
Suspect me guilty of a change so mean :
My constancy's not to be blasted so.

Hor. [*Laughs.*] Faith, Madam, now have I onely rallied with you
all this while, and now must I expect to finde you as furious as an
Amazon, for this trick I have put upon you ; never to see your face
agen is the least Composition I can make.

Clor. How, Senior !

Hor. 'Twas an odde exploit, an Artifice I used to try your Con-
stancy, and my friends Interest. And now this rage and scorn from
you, confirms his happiness and my hopes.

Clor. A Tryal of my Constancy call you it ? Did not your zeal for
your friend atone for you , I know not how I should bear so bold a
piece of curiosity.

Enter Avaritio and Dorido.

Dor. Never was an Heretick in an Inquisition so baited as I have
been. [*Aside.*

Avar. Daughter *Clor.* daughter !

Dor. Friend, [*to Horatio.*] I know 'tis towards bed-time with
this old fool, and he always takes the Keys up with him ; and I have
not said half my minde to my dear *Clorinia* : Take an occasion of
telling her, I desire a little discourse with her at the Parlour-window
at Eleven ; by that time he'll be asleep. She knows the old signe.

Hor. Enough.

Avar. Well, Daughter, this *Dorido* is a fine man I profess ; I once
design'd him for thy Husband —

Clor. How this old Gentleman can dissemble ! [*Aside.*

Avar. But now you have both made a better choice. Senior *Dorido*,
[*Horatio and Clorinia whisper.*

there are strange blessings in store for you : So pious a minde in a
young man, and a Gentleman too, I profess is admirable.

Clor. Enough, I'll steal down to him.

Avar. Daughter.

[*Takes her by the hand.*
Senior,

Senior, good night. Well, I protest he is a miracle.

Exeunt Avar. and Clor. one way, and Dor. another.

Hor. Her Constancy is the Rock on which I split; I must make her hate *Dorido*; remove the Giant, and the Maid's my own. I am none of those whining Lovers that can fall sick and die at the feet of a Denial.

I will go on, and scorn a base retreat;
Despair the Goward only does defeat.

Exit.

The fourth A C T.

Enter Horatio, and Audacio holding a Flambeau.

Hor. **C**AN you be nimble and dextrous, Master Engineer?

Aud. As a Mercury, Senior.

Hor. Then thus: Watch at the turning of this street, and when you see Senior *Dorido* come by, put out your Light, and that shall give me notice for my Designe. When he hears the noise I shall raise, I know he will make up hither; then do you alarm the Watch, and play the part I order'd you.

Aud. To a tittle.

Hor. To your Post quickly, the minute draws nigh; 'tis neer Eleven.

[Exit Audacio.]

Now must I act the subtlest piece of Treason

That Love, animated

By Jealousie and Revenge, could e'er inspire.

I love *Clorinia*, and consequently hate

Her darling Favourite *Dorido*;

And what we hate, we're prompted to destroy.

'Tis true, I am false to my friend; but what's friendship in one scale, when Love is in the other? Love is a passion that's taught and rooted in our Souls by nature, when Friendship is but a humour put off or on at pleasure. Love comes by force, and Friendship but by choice, and is but generally the Creature of Fear or Interest.

Ha! he has put out his Light, and *Dorido's* coming. Now for my signe. *[Whistles; at which a Casement opens, and Clorinia speaks from within.]*

Clor.

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Clor. Dorido !

Hor. I, dear Madam.

Clor. Oh, dear Dorido, my unkinde Father is not yet in bed, and I am in such danger here, that I cannot tell you half the kinde things I have to say. Let that Letter speak for me.

Gives him a Letter through the Casement, which he takes, and as he takes it stabs her Arm with his Dagger.

Clor. Murder, murder !

Enter Horatio's friend Audacio.

Hor. So, take that Letter and Dagger, and convey 'em into Dorido's pocket.

Aud. Enough.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Dorido.

Dor. Death and Confusion ! My Clorinia's voice ! What infernal sound is this ?

Enter Avaritio in his Night-gown, and Clorinia with her arm wrapt in a bloody Handkercher, Scintillia with a Candle.

Avar. Ha, murder ! what's the matter ?

Clor. Oh, Sir, as I was going up to bed, I saw the Parlour-window open, and as I went to shut it, some wicked villain caught me by the hand and stab'd his Dagger into my arm.

Dor. Lightning blast him for't.

Avar. Geraldo, Diego, Sanco, Francisco, rise you rogues. Dorido !

Dor. There's no staying till your Servants rise : the villain will be gone beyond their reach. Do you run and fetch a Surgeon, and let my Sword pursue the impious Devil. *[Exit Avaritio one way,*

and as Dor. offers to go another way, he is met by Horatio's friend with the Alguazile and Guards.

Enter Watchmen here.

Aud. That's he, seize him.

Dor. Bold slaves, what's this for ?

[They fight with Dorido, and take him.]

Aud. Are you the Lady that cried out murder ?

Clor. Yes, what then ?

Aud. Oh, Madam, this is the barbarous villain that stab'd you.

Clor. Dorido !

Dor. I the villain !

Aud. Hey day ! now has he the impudence to deny it. Did not I see you steal up to that house, then whistle, and a Lady put her hand out of that window and give you a Letter ; which you received, and returned the Compliment with your Dagger ?

Dor.

Dor. Blasphemous dog ! Is the Traytor distracted ?

Clor. I am all amazement !

And. Do you intend to face me out of my senses ? Madam, I thought he had been going to rob the house, and watch'd him, and saw him do't.

Dor. Hell and Damnation ! Traytor, Lyer, Hell-hound, what did you see me do ?

And. What I'll justifie to be true. Nay, I am sure the Dagger must be about him, or not far off : for he did not stir one step, Gentlemen, before I call'd you.

Dor. The Dagger about me ! search me, Devil.

And. Search him, Gentlemen.

They pull a Dagger and a Letter out of his pocket.

Watchman. A bloody Dagger, and a Letter for one Senior Dorido.

And. Did I not tell you, Gentlemen ?

Dor. Ha ! what enchanting Fiend has convey'd that Dagger into my pocket ? Madam, if there be truth in Heav'n, or faith in man, I could no more be guilty of this Outrage, than I could burn a Church. Some malicious Devil, envying our Loves, has us'd this artifice to undo me.

And. If there be truth in Heav'n, or faith in man, this blustering Gentleman is as truly guilty of this Outrage, as you are the unfortunate Lady that suffer'd it.

Dor. Infamous Varlet ! what art thou, that such an Imputation should be believed from thy mouth ?

And. Gentlemen, convey us both before the next Judge ; I am ready to attest by oath what I have seen and known.

Clor. Gentlemen, pray lend me your Prisoner for one minutes discourse. Ungrateful man !

Is this your best return for all my kindness ?

Dor. And can you persecute me too ? My angry stars And this false impudent slave, has made me mad.

Clor. No, your guilt, not he, has made you so.

Dor. Madam, by all that's good, I neither receiv'd that Letter nor ever saw that Dagger, whatever Magick convey'd it into my pocket. I heard you cry out Murder, ran in to your assistance, saw you bleeding, and my Soul bled for you.

I heard your shrieking voice with so much horror,
That I'd have given my Life, and half my right
To Heav'n, to have reach't the villains heart for't.

And can this be the man that stab'd *Clorinia*?

Clor. No, Sir, these Evidences are too plain.
Convey'd by Magick thither! If there be such a thing as
Magick, 'tis in impious mens false Oaths and broken Vows,
That can bewitch believing Virgins hearts,
And use 'em as thou dost.

Dor. Oh, Madam, as you'd keep me on this side Hell,
And hold my hand from tearing out my heart,
Oh, do not lay this horrid Crime against me:
A Crime so distant from my purer thoughts,
As my heart trembles but to hear.

Clor. They that can prove such Traytors as thou art,
Want not pretences to seem innocent.

Dor. And can you still suspect such faith as mine?

Clor. Did I for this run to the window
With as much haste and zeal to meet you there,
As a departing Saint mounts up to Heav'n!
And when, like a poor fond mistaken fool,
My eager hand so kindly gave that Letter,
And in it all the tenderest thoughts that Love
Could e'er inspire; this cruel man,
When he receiv'd my very Soul,
Could barbarously stab the hand that gave it.

Dor. Oh, cruel savage woman!

Clor. Take him hence.

Dor. Oh, my best Angel, hear me.

Clor. Oh, my Devil!

Make haste, take him away: and, perjur'd man,
Tell the new Mistress, for whose sake you did
This hellish deed, to make your title good,
You seal'd your falsehood in *Clorinia's* blood.

Exeunt severally: Manet only Scintillia.

Enter Avaritio and a Physician.

Avar. What lazie Rogues are these Physicians! he was in bed,
and I was forced to stay till the reverend fool rise.

Ha! Girl, where's *Clo*?

Scin. Oh, Sir, she's gone in almost distracted.

Avar. Oh Heav'n's, distracted! The loss of blood will put her in
a Feavour. Dear Sir, make haste.

Exeunt.

Enter

The French Conjuror.

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Enter Senior Pedro and Leonora.

Ped. I wonder *Sabina* comes not; it is about the time of her appointment. What a Pettycot have you got on there, Wife?

Leon. 'Tis very well, Husband: My Lady Abbess I know hates a gawdy dress.

Ped. Nay, a modest garb certainly becomes Devotion best.

Enter Sabina.

Sab. I am afraid I have staid to the prejudice of your patience.

Leon. No, I have a greater stock than so. But I pray how does my Lady?

Sab. Very well. Dear *Leonora*, she will expect us. Are you ready?

Leon. I am ready.

Ped. She got no sleep to night for thinking of this Holy voyage.

Sab. And *Claudio* will keep her waking a little longer. [*Aside.* Good woman, her thoughts are on Heaven. Well, I hope the Monastery is not out of the road to it.

Ped. I'll lead you to the door. Well Wife, when you are in your Altitudes, have some little thought on the good man at home.

Exeunt Sabina and Leonora.

Enter Truro and Monsieur.

Trur. Since this Monsieur got into his French dress, he struts it at a wondrous rate: But I hope once more to uncase him, and bring that rotten Carcase of his into Spanish fetters again.

Monf. *Truro*, be wise, and *te Star* will be your good friend.

Trur. Oh, plague light upon the nonsensical babbling of your Stars, and all your French acquaintance with them.

Monf. My foy, *Truro*, you have much *te pride*, and *tat be no boon*. *Te French* man get *var great regard* from *te English Lord*, by *tare great submission*.

Enter Claudio and Millia.

Claud. *Millia*, be sure when you hear any knock at the gate, look out of the window; if they be women that enquire for *Dona Betrix*, be you quick in opening the door and shewing 'em a room.

Mill. I shall, Senior.

Claud. And let not one of you appear besides. Go, be gone every one about his business. [*Exeunt Monsieur, Truro, and Millia.* And now will I to my Chamber and expect my call. [*Exit.*

*The French Conjurer.**Enter Sabina and Leonora.*

Sab. Oh, dear Madam, I had almost forgot *Dona Betrix*, though I promis'd to call her : that's the house ; come, Madam, I must beg your pardon for one minute.

Leon. I am solely at your service. [*Sab. knocks.*]

Mill. [*above.*] Who's there? and who would you speak with?

Sab. Is *Dona Betrix* within?

Mill. Yes. I'll come and conduct you to her.

Sab. You shall go with me, we sha'n't stay.

Leon. Use your pleasure.

Millia opens the door.

Mill. Will you be pleas'd to walk in, and I'll acquaint her.

*Exeunt Millia, Sabina, and Leonora; and enter again
in a Dining-room.*

Mill. Will you rest your selves here till I return?

Sab. Millia, I'll go along with you. Dear *Leonora*, assure yourself I'll make a quick dispatch.

Exeunt Millia and Sabina, and lock the door.

Enter Claudio at another door.

Leon. O Heav'n's, my Virtue is betray'd!

Claud. My dearest *Leonora*! welcome. Now, my best life, thou'rt mine. Dear Madam, surrender, and save the trouble of a storm.

Leon. You may thank wretched *Sabina* for it. Is this the Monastery, thou wicked Hag---and are you my Lady Abbess---How durst you act so villanous a part under so holy a pretence?

Claud. Dear Madam, look but into the Affairs of the world, and you'll discover the Mask of Religion frequently put upon worse designs than this. [*Takes her hand.*]

Come, my pretty Saint, this inclination of man to your Sex is so universal, as renders it not such an offence to Heav'n, as men of Holy Orders are pleas'd to tell us 'tis : No, no, dear *Leonora*.

Leon. How can you talk so! Were I convinc'd it were no Crime, yet the blemish it would throw upon my Reputation, will never suffer me to yield.

Claud. Your Reputation, on my life, shall not be wounded.

Leon. What! and yield to your base desires?

Claud. The Light shall be no witness to what we do; and a thing so conceal'd can never call your Honour into question. 'Tis not the doing of a thing, but the knowledge of it after 'tis done, that gives the fatal blow to Reputation.

Leon.

Leon. However, vile man, 'twill wrong my Husband.

Claud. It can be none to him, so long as his ignorance has no other opinion of you than what's just and honourable. But I delay my joys---Come, dear Madam ---

Leon. Oh, Sir, you make me stark mad : What do you mean, you wicked lascivious man you ? ---

Claud. Nothing, dear *Leonora*, but all the Kindness, all the Love, and all the Raptures in the world.

Leon. Touch me if you dare ! I'll tear your eyes out : If you come but neer me, I'll --- nay I'll ---

Claud. What will you do ?

Leon. Why, what will you have me do ? Well, this opportunity's a meer Devil !

[*Aside.*

Claud. Consent to make me the happiest man that lives.

Leon. Well, Sir, I protest 'tis not in my nature to use so fine a Gentleman unkindly. Alas, I would submit to any thing, and make you happy, if I durst : But oh, the sin, the sin ! I won't ; let me go, you are a villanous man, would betray my Honour, damn my Soul, and --- I hate you. I'll cry out ; help, murder !

Claud. Well, dear *Leonora*, I'll grant you your desire. I will deny my self the greatest happiness Beauty can give, and man possess, rather than force that bliss you cannot yield. But, divinest Madam, if you could be kinde, what charming Magick would there be in those dear Arms, what Nectar in those Lips, and what Elysium on that soft Bosome !

Leon. Nay, Sir, go on, you speak so prettily ! Though I must never yield to any wicked thing, yet we may talk as kindly as we please.

Claud. And is that all ?

Leon. No, Sir, were I a single woman, or if you were my Husband, or so, I could deny you nothing --- But ---

Claud. Well, I'll send for a Priest, and marry you presently.

Leon. Two Husbands ! Alas, Sir, I have too much of one already.

Claud. Madam, your sweetness has so transported me, that if you cannot yield, I must force you ---

Leon. But are you sure you'll force me ? for I vow I won't go willingly.

Claud. I'm past all patience.

Leon. Stay, Sir, if I must go, let us resolve to be as little wicked

as we can: Let's stay and say our Prayers before we go.

Claud. Let's love first, and pray afterwards.

Leon. But you shall promise me first you will not use me too roughly, for my poor Husband's sake.

Claud. Oh, Madam, I'm a tender-hearted man;

Indeed I'll be as gentle as I can.

Exeunt.

The fifth A C T.

Enter Clorinia.

Clor. **W**As ever so much inhumanity!

How are my Thoughts distracted! Well, if this
Perfidious *Dorido* be what I suspect him,
His Love defaced, and such a Monster made,
No Angel ever fell so soon, or turn'd
So black as he. The change appears so dreadful,
That I dare scarce believe my Eyes and Senses.

Enter Avaritio and Horatio.

My Father and *Horatio*! This interview

May give some new discovery. I'll o're-hear 'em. [*Steps aside.*]

Avar. This *Dorido* is the wickedst Rogue that ever breath'd.

Hor. Alas, Sir, he's all wickedness. His very pretences for Religion
were all baits to trapan you.

Clor. What's this I hear?

[*Aside.*]

Hor. The truth on't is, he lov'd your Daughter, and design'd to
steal her.

Avar. Steal her!

Hor. And all his fair disguises of Devotion were but to gain access
to accomplish it.

Avar. Pretious Rascal!

Clor. I am all astonishment.

Hor. And because she refus'd to break open your house last night,
and run away with him, he stab'd her.

Avar. Dainty Rogue!

Clor. Death, what a Traytor's here!

Hor. Sir, I confess he was my friend, and under that name I long

con-

conceal ' his crimes; but now they are grown too odious for my friendship to wink at: my zeal for Justice, and my sense of your Injuries, have waked my sleeping Reason. I cannot see you cheated and abused.

Avar. Then belike all this Monastery-busines is laid by.

Hor. The devil of any such place did he e'er intend to trouble.

Avar. And I warrant he'll build no Hospital neither.

Hor. An Hospital! a Bawdy-house. He build an Hospital! No, Sir, his hot *spanish* blood will finde other uses for his money.

Avar. What's become of the two thousand pounds in Senior *Claudio's* hands?

Hor. Call'd in agen, I can assure you: 'twas onely laid there for a bait for you. Sir, to be plainer with you, I do not like your Daughters proceedings.

Avar. How, my Daughter!

Hor. I say, she's to blame, to have Love in her heart, and Religion in her tongue.

Clor. This is beyond all sufferance.

[*Aside.*

Avar. How! is not my *Clo* for a Nunnery?

Hor. She's no more for a Nunnery than you are for an Alms-house.

Avar. No Nunnery!

Hor. They onely masqueraded with you all this while. Their midnight-affignations at your Parlour-window, have secur'd her from ever troubling a Monastery.

Clor. Monster, Barbarian!

[*Aside.*

Avar. O Rogues, Cheats, Gypsies! *Francisco, Diego, Sancho, Geraldo.*

Enter Servants.

Sancho, send for a Mason: I'll have the Parlour-window next the street taken down, and the wall made up; and, you Rascal, see that no body comes into my house without my orders. I shall have this Rogue come in disguise into my house, and some Canonical Thief steal like a Pimp in after him, and marry them. But now I think on't, I am a Magistrate, and will give every body their Oaths that comes within my doors. And, Sirrah, do you see that the Balcone be nail'd up: The Gypsie may drop down Love into the street. Cheat her old Father! And, you Rascal, take notice these two Rooms are all the walk I allow her. Affignations! I'll spoil their sport.

Hor. Pray, Senior, do me the favour, when you tell whence you had this intelligence, not to name your Author. I am unwilling to gain a fair Ladies displeasure.

Avar.

The French Conjuror.

Avar. I profess, Sir, I will not speak a word of you. Cheat her old Father!

Hor. Sir, I am afraid I have disturb'd you : I'll take my leave of you till some other time.

Avar. I profess you are the best friend I have in the world.

Hor. Not one word of me.

Avar. Not a syllable.

[*Exit Horatio.*

Run away with a young Rascal ! I'll watch your waters, I'll warrant you.

[*Exit Avaritio.*

Clor. Well, I am the most unfortunate of women !

Enter Valerio.

Val. What's the matter, Sister ?

Clor. Oh, Brother, had you been here, you had discover'd the vilest piece of Treachery — That Barbarian *Horatio*, *Dorido's* false friend, has disclosed all our designs, and so incens'd my peevish old Father, that these two Rooms are my Prison, and my Servants my Jaylours.

Val. And can *Horatio* be so great a Villain !

Clor. This is the least of my Misfortunes. I have abused the best of men. Now am I certain 'twas this villain stab'd me ; and I, unhappily deceived by that mercenary slave the accomplice in his designe, have laid the Crime upon the guiltless *Dorido* ; and to compleat my miseries, must never see him more.

*Enter Claudio and a Servant of Avaritio's,
with Monsieur and Truro.*

Claud. Prethee thank thy Master for my admission ; but tell him I have no designe upon his Daughter, that he need be so cautious.

Serv. Pray, Sir, be not angry with me, I onely execute my Commission.

[*Exit Servant.*

Monf. Begar, dese *Spanisb* Lady be kep up as close as de Jack in box, Morbleau.

Clor. Senior *Claudio*, you are come to see the unhappiest Maid that Fortune ever persecuted.

Claud. Aye, Madam, with much ado I am come to see you ; but your Father keeps a pack of the most ill-natur'd Rascals about him.

Clor. Oh, Sir, they are my Jaylours. That Monster *Horatio* has discover'd all our plots, and I must never see *Dorido* agen.

Claud. Indeed, Madam, I fear you will not.

Clor. How, Sir !

Claud. His grief and his distractions for your unkind suspicion, have

have so dejected him, that you'll either never see him more ; or so alter'd, that you'll scarce know he was the man that loved you.

Clor. Oh, Sir, you stab me to the very heart.

Claud. That attempt upon you was so far from being his act, that 'tis impossible but it must be done by some malicious Rival or Devil.

Clor. That Devil is *Horatio* : And I like an enchanted fool could suspect the innocent *Dorido* ; and as a just Reward for my suspicion, I am for ever doom'd to live immur'd within these walls. I've so much injur'd the unhappy *Dorido*,

That I can no ways recompence his griefs,
But by some bold adventure for his sake.

What is't I would not do for that brave man ?

Val. Sister, let's set some new designs afoot.

Clor. Designs ! I'll fire the house, and run away with him.

'Tis no mean act can expiate my Crime.

To talk of Monasteries, and delude

A credulous Father, is too mean a service.

I cannot testify that love I bear him,

But by some noble Passage to his Arms.

Claud. This kindness, Madam, will revive him. But, Madam, you shall steer a safer way : I have a new plot.

Clor. What is't ?

Claud. To rob your Father. You know he's covetous, and could we neatly and handsomely be masters of two or three of his Bags, the fright 'twould put him into to loose his Money, and the way that I'd propose to finde the Thief, shall bring you into *Dorido's* very Arms ; nay, you shall marry him before your Father's face.

Clor. 'Tis a brave Project, if it do but take.

Claud. Trust to my Conduct.

Val. But now I think on't, Sir, his Money is all out at use. Yet now I think on't, I have found a way as well. My Father, about six months since, lent a *Spanish* Lord Six hundred Ducatoons upon a Necklace of Pearl. I'll steal that : and as good luck would have it, he is just now gone into his Closet. I'll after him ; and whilst I hold him in a Tale, I'll steal it : 'tis in a little box, and will be easily slip into my pocket. I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

Clor. Good luck attend you.

Claud. *Truro* and Monsieur, my two trusty Servants, shall be in the Plot. This Monsieur, you know, has set up for an Astrologer :

I'll persuade your Father he is a Conjuror, and can raise the Devil to get his Pearl agen : and so we'll wheedle the old Gentleman, with your Brother and you, to my house, where *Dorido* disguised shall attend us ; and whilst the Monsieur is charming your Father to get his Pearl agen, a Priest shall be there and conjure you two together.

Clor. I like it rarely !

Cland. *Truro*, when *Valerio* returns, and brings the Pearl, do you slip out and disguise your self, and come in this Lord's name to demand the Pearl.

Trur. I'll do the business. Within three or four doors lives a Barber of my acquaintance, he shall transform me. But, Sir, the Lord's name.

Cland. Oh, Madam, what shall we do for his name ?

Clor. As I remember I have heard my Father speak of him. His name is Don *Antonio Don Rinaldo du Peralta*.

Enter Valerio.

Val. I have it.

Trur. Enough.

[*Exit.*

Clor. As I could wish.

Val. I began a very serious discourse with him, and I had scarce spoke ten words, but he fell so horribly a railing against you as amazed me. And whilst he was busie in the heat of all his fury, I perform'd the Operation. But see, he's here !

Avar. Oh, Hussey, are you there ? You are an excellent jilting Baggage : Nothing would serve your turn, but cheating your old Father, would it ?

Clor. Cheat my old Father ! Heav'n defend me !

Avar. Oh, no, not you. You have done nothing : Onely low'd *Dorido*, made Midnight-Assignations with *Dorido*, and contriv'd to run away with *Dorido* ; that's all.

Clor. Who I, Sir !

Avar. Oh, do you start ! You see I have found you out. These young sluts think they have all the Wit, and their silly old Fathers want Sense : but, Hussey, you shall finde you are mistaken.

Clor. Indeed I never intended any such thing.

Avar. Hussey, you lye. I know your haunts, Mistriss. My Parlour-window has been sweetly visited between you ; but I'll stop your peep-hole. If I had not discover'd you, I should have been made a Grand-father through the Casement. Is this your pretence for Religion ! You'll make a precious piece of Nuns-flesh.

Cland.

Claud. Come, Senior, you must forgive her; Love is a Passion that can't be resisted. If she have transgressed a little before-hand, she'll make never the worse Nun for't afterward.

Avar. By your favour, Sir, I'll ne'er forgive her. Forgive the Baggage!

Enter Truro disguised.

Trur. Senior *Avaritio*.

Avar. With me, Senior?

Trur. From my worthy Patron Don Antonio Don Rinaldo du Feralia.

Avar. I have the honour to keep a Neck-lace of Pearl belonging to his Lordship.

Trur. Senior, the Six hundred Ducatoons, with the Interest and Principal, are in Don Oreate the Goldsmiths hands, whither I am commanded to desire your company; where, upon returning the Pledge, the Money shall be paid.

Avar. I'll fetch it, and wait upon you to his Lordship.

[*Exit Avar.*

Claud. Now, *Truro*, when he comes back and misses it, bear up briskly to him.

Trur. I understand you.

Avar. Valerio, Valerio.

[*From within.*

Clor. It works. To him quickly.

Avar. Valerio!

[*Exit Valerio.*

Claud. Now, Monsieur, can you bluster out a few hard words, and Hocus pocus him dextrously?

Monf. Let me alone for de sheat: begar, me vill represen de Conjure to de life.

Claud. When we have him at our house, we'll humour it rarely. I have Trap-doors, and God knows what: and we'll raise Thunder and Lightning, and play the Devil and all.

Enter Avaritio and Valerio.

Avar. Undone, undone, undone!

All. Heav'n forbid!

Avar. Oh the Pearl, the Pearl!

Trur. What do you say, Sir?

Avar. Oh 'tis stolen, lost, gone! I'm betray'd, I'm robb'd, I'm ruin'd! Unconscionable Rogues, Six hundred Ducatoons at one clap!

Trur. Six hundred, Sir! Two thousand, Senior, two thousand:

It cost my Lord no less; and, though I say't, 'twas a peniworth.

Avar. Worse and worse! I am blown up! my heart, my life, my blood's all gone!

Trur. Truly, Senior, I pitie your loss, considering you must pay my Lord the price on't to buy another.

Avar. Pay the price on't!

Truro. Why, Sir, do you think my Lord will not have satisfaction?

Avar. Satisfaction! Let him stab me, drown me, hang me, send me to th' Gallies; do any thing with me. Two thousand Ducatoons!

Trur. Well, Senior, be not dejected; I have some comfort for you.

Avar. What's that?

Trur. My good Lord —

Avar. Oh, sweet Sir.

Trur. My good Lord — for my sake — do you mark it —

Avar. You are a kinde man.

Trur. For my sake (take notice) shall bate you (pray observe me) shall bate you (do you see) Fiftie Ducatoons. You shall pay him but Nineteen hundred and fiftie.

Avar. Plagues and Furies! Had I lost both my Eyes, an Arm, and a Leg, 't had been nothing; but this affliction is unsufferable.

Clor. You may see how Heav'n is angry with you, and lays this calamitie upon you for afflicting your poor innocent obedient Daughter; and abusing so honest and so worthie a Gentleman as Senior *Dorido*.

Avar. He's a Rogue, he's a Villain; 'tis he has stolen my Pearl, he's a Thief: bear witness, Gentlemen, I say he's a Thief, I say he stole the Pearl; nay, I'll vow he stole 'em. I'll go instantly to a Judge, have him apprehended and hang'd for stealing 'em, and then beg his Estate to pay for 'em.

Clor. Oh fie, Sir, how can you lay so scandalous a Crime to so guiltless a Gentlemans charge?

Avar. Nay, Hussy, I can prove 'twas he that stole 'em, and you were his Confederate; and I'll have you both hang'd.

Clor. How, Sir?

Avar. Did not he, by the malice and instigation of the Devil, come to you at the wicked hour of Midnight at my Parlour-window, which you open'd to him, and let him feloniously in at it to rob me?

Clor. Oh fie, Sir, 'tis not wide enough for him to put his hand through.

Avar.

Avar. Bear witness, Gentlemen, she confesses he put his hand through ; and I'll swear the Devil stood behinde him and thrust his bodie after it. I say, 'twas he that robb'd me, and I can prove 'twas he that robb'd me ; and I'll have him hang'd like a Thief as he is. Two thousand Ducatoons !

Claud. Well, Sir, I pitie your case, and have bethought a way to get your Pearl agen.

Avar. The Pearl agen !

Claud. Nay, 'tis an infallible way : It must do in spite of fate. If I do not bring 'em agen, nay, though the Thief had swallow'd 'em —

Avar. Swallowed 'em ! Pox choak him.

Claud. Nay, though he had swallow'd 'em, I'd make him disgorge 'em, but you should have 'em agen.

Avar. Oh, Sir, this is divinely spoken ! But how, how, dear Senior ?

Claud. You must know, this Monsieur is a profess'd Astrologer, and by the by, to serve a friend or so, can conjure ; that is, can raise the Devil : You understand me.

Avar. Raise the Devil !

Claud. To raise him in an honest way's nothing. Monsieur, give him a taste of your skill.

Monsieur makes a great many ridiculous postures, then falls a conjuring in a great deal of blustering cramp words.

Avar. Oh hold, hold, dear Sir, hold, hold. [*Monsieur stops.* Oh, Sir, I have not been at Confession these two years ; let me but go to Confession first, and then raise the Devil and welcome.

Monf. Your humble Serviture ; commanda me, and me vill raise de Spirit, de Tunder, de Lightning, de Cloud, de Vind, and de Tempest.

Avar. Aye, but are you sure they can raise the Pearl agen ?

Monf. Morbleau, de great Devil not able to raise de little Pearl ! fee, fee, Senior.

Avar. But are you sure he can get at 'em ?

Monf. Noting surer, noting surer. Rater den fail, me vill send him to Sea to fish for more.

Avar. Well, I profess 'tis a good-natur'd Devil. But hark you, Sir, are you sure 'tis a Devil that you dare trust ?

Monf. Journee, vit mine whole Estate.

Avar. Two thousand Ducatoons is a tempting sum ; and if he shou'd keep 'em when he has got 'em ?

Monf.

Monf. Courage, fear noting.

Cland. Sir, the place of his Operation is at his Study at my house; we must desire your company thither.

Avar. Well, I'll onely order my Servants to have a care of my Daughter, and go along with you.

Monf. Senior, de whole Famile must go along wit you, de young Son and de fair Daughter; dey may be concern in de Robbery. Pardonna me, Madam; my Art spare no body.

Avar. Aye, now I think on't, she shall go with us. If *Dorido* and she have laid their heads together, he'll firk it out of her with a vengeance.

Senior, pray beg his Lordships pardon, and tell him his Neck-lace is at present in Hucksters hands; but we'll firk it out of 'em with a vengeance. *Clo*, come along with me.

Monf. Tief, steal de Jewel!

Deteevish hide of Rogua me vill drub,
Journee, by Lucifere and Belzebub.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pedro and Leonora.

Ped. Well, Wife, now give us a little of your Entertainment at the Monastery.

Leon. Oh, 'tis extreme fine!

Ped. Aye, but I would fain have you describe it.

Leon. What shall I do? [*aside.*] Oh, 'tis the sweetest, rarest Entertainment in the world!

Ped. Aye, but let us hear the particulars. What did you see? what did you hear? what did you do? what did you say? Come, let's know all.

Leon. I shall be undone, if this discourse hold. [*aside.*] What did I see? what did I do? Oh 'tis not to be exprest! In the first place, I went along with *Sabina*, and she led me into the most delicious sweet place — But, Husband, I have News to tell you: I heard just now of a famous Astrologer newly come to Town.

Ped. But you don't tell me your Entertainment.

Leon. Oh, you can't imagine it, unless you saw it, so rich, and so divine — Well, but this Astrologer is so wittie and so ingenious a man, that I long to ask him a question.

Ped. With all my heart. But what did the Nuns do?

Leon. Oh, Sir, they knelt, and they pray'd, and they sung, and they — Prethee, my dear, let us go to him; I have a question to ask him, you little think of. Guess, my dear, prethee guess — I am so

ashamed — Well, but for once I'll tell you : I'd ask him how many Children we shall have ; I do so long for a Childe, and I would have it a Boy, that it may be like thee, my dear.

Ped. Kinde dear Rogue ! Well, but you are the strangest woman ! I ask you about the Nuns, and you answer about Boys and Girls. Prethee, dear, I do so long for this Entertainment.

Leon. Well, now I think on't, I'll have my will before yours. You shall go along with me to this Astrologer's, and then I'll tell you my Entertainment : I vow and swear I won't tell you else. Now, do, make me forsworn.

Ped. Well, thou art so cross !

Leon. Besides, this Astrologer lives at Senior *Claudio's* ; and I am sure we shall be welcome thither.

Ped. Senior *Claudio's* ! Boy, your Mistresses Vail, and my Sword and Cloak. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens, and discovers Monsieur's Study.

Enter Claudio, Avaritio, Clorinia, and Valerio.

Enter at another door Monsieur in a Conjuring-gown, and Dorido disguised in the same habit.

Avar. 'Tis a very odde place, Senior.

Claud. The Spirits he deals with, like it the better.

Monf. Welcome into mine Cell. Te Star, and de Constellation —

Dor. The wandring Spirits of the Air.

Monf. De superlunary and de sublunary Minister —

Dor. The Demons and the Cacodemons —

Monf. De eterial Peripatetick —

Dor. And all the Cœlestial Outacoustions —

Monf. De great Devil and de little Devil, my foy, votre tres humble Serviture.

Avar. Pray thank 'em, and tell 'em I am their humble Servant. Dear Sir, stand by me, [*to Claud.*] I no not like those Outacoustions. But hark you, Sir, if a man may be so bold, what kind of things are those Demons and Cacodemons ?

Monf. Demons and Cacodemons ? why, dey be de Pimp to de great Devil ; me send 'em on de Errand, de Messâge ; dey pierce into de Eart, dive into de Sea ; flie in de Air, mount into de Cloud ; dey raise de Wind, de Lightning, de Tunder ; and obey me in all my command. *Avar.*

Avar. Pray desire his Devilship to use no Ceremonie with me. Can't I get my Pearl without all these Demons and Cacodemons?

Monf. Oh, no, Senior; it be deir businefs to serve my friend.

Avar. Pray desire his Devilship not to take it ill.

Monf. He will no take it ill.

Avar. Two thousand Ducatoons is a great los.

Monf. Do not me tell you —

Avar. I vow and swear I would not trouble him, if I could possibly help it.

Monf. It be no trouble.

Avar. I would not gain his anger for twice the sum.

Monf. Journee, he vill be no anger —

Avar. I profess, if I thought he would —

Monf. Morbleau, I say he vill be no anger. Do you tink me lye?

Avar. I ha'done, Sir, I ha'done.

Monf. Now, Sir, me vill proceed to my Operation.

Dor. Great Sir, your Art and Experience in this profound study, needs no advice.

Monf. Alas, me understand noting. Me have de little civilitie from de Spirit, de little command ore de Familiar; dat be all.

Avar. I profess he's a modest Gentleman.

Monf. Now, Sir, place a de Circle on de right hand, and anoder on de left; var boon.

Dorido places two Circles on each side the Stage.
Now, Sir, set de fair Lady in dat Circle, and me vill set de ancient Gentleman in dis: var boon!

They place Avaritio in one Circle, and Clorinia in the other.

Dor. My dear *Clorinia*!

Clor. Now, *Dorido*, if fortune favour us!

Monf. Now, Sir, vatever you see, or vatever you hear, you no speak nor stir: take care you be safe in dat Circle.

Avar. Aye, Sir.

Enter Pedro and Leonora.

Claud. My *Leonora* here! Senior *Pedro*, this visit is wondrous kinde: What your Lady too! This favour is extraordinary. What kinde Gale has brought such fair Company to visit my poor house!

Ped. My Wife, you must know, has a strange desire to put a Question to the Cunning man you keep.

Claud. With all my heart, Sir.

Leon.

Leon. Well, I hope you'll pardon a bold intruder ? But Curiosity's a venial sin in our Sex. Pray excuse my Blushes when I tell you before my Husband that I have extremely long'd for that satisfaction which can be onely had at Senior *Claudio's*.

Claud. This kindness is beyond expression !

Leon. I know you'll call me a confident creature for this : but I vow 'tis a fault I cannot help.

Claud. Was there ever such a wittie charming Rogue ! She courts me before her Husband's face. [*aside.*

Well, Madam, the honour you have vouchsafed your humble Servant, has so obliged me, that if there be any Art or Magick in the world that can please a fair Lady — Sir, you'll pardon me — by this kiss you shall have it.

Ped. Aye, good Senior, let her have it : for uds-bodikins if you don't, she'll lead me so troublefom a life —

Claud. Oh, Sir, leave her to my care. Senior, [*to Avar.*] here's a little important business has made me rude. Monsieur, you must use a little flight of hand with this Gentleman, and get that Lady off for me ; you understand me.

Monf. Senior, me vill do't.

Sir, [*to Pedro.*] by de favour of your good Star, you be come in de fortunate minute of my Operation. Here be de Gentleman dat have been robb'd of de Jewel vort Two thousand Ducatoons.

Ped. And can you help him to't agen ?

Monf. Journee, wit as much ease as me drink, or me sleep.

Ped. Oh, Wife, this is a fine man indeed !

Monf. Me beg your patience. [*to Avar.*] Remember my counsel ; no speak, no stir from dat Circle.

Avar. I warrant you.

Claud. Whatever you see or hear, be not afraid, 'tis all but Juggling. [*to Leonora.*

Monsieur conjures, and it thunders.

Avar. What shall I do ! what shall become of me !

Ped. Wife, wife, oloh !

Avar. Heaven have mercy upon us. *Claudio, Valerio, stand by me.*

Monf. O see, de coward ; fear noting.

Ped. Wife, wife, oloh.

Avar. O death, hell, what shall I do !

Monf. O see, in de Circle, de Circle.

[*It thunders louder.*
[*Goes out of the Circle.*

The French Conjuror.

Avar. Oh, Sir, if you have any pity for me, don't fright me at this unmerciful rate.

Monf. Morbleau, you be de strange man in de whole world : none but de boy, de shilde, be frighted at de Tunder : De grave Cavalier, and be fraid !

Avar. Oh, Sir, I can't help it, if it would save my life. The next clap of Thunder strikes me dead.

Ped. Aye, Sir, the Gentleman says right ; it makes me tremble e-very joynt.

It thunders agen, and Leonora falls down in a Trap.

Ped. Oloh !

Cland. Dear Monsieur, I love thee. Now will I flie into my dear Leonora's arms. [Exit.

Ped. Oh my Wife, my Wife, my Wife !

Monf. De grave Gentleman, and cry ! For shame, for shame !

Avar. You may see what comes of your wicked Conjurings ; the Devil has fetcht away one of our company already.

Ped. Aye, aye, the Devil has got her. She's gone, and I shall never see her agen !

Avar. I am afraid the house will fall upon our heads.

Ped. Oh my Wife !

Monf. Journée, vat be de matter ? You shall have your Wife agen safe and sound, safe and sound.

Ped. No, no, the Devil has tore her to pieces by this time ! I am undone, you wicked man you ! If I had but received all her Portion, and she had gone to the Devil then, 'twould ne're ha'vext me : But she's under age, and I have not been married this half year, and I shall be hang'd for bringing her hither. I am accessary to her Murder. Oh my Wife, my Wife !

Monf. Morbleau, you shall be no hang, nor she be no murder : she be alive and var well ; nay, she be in dis room, dis var room, still.

Avar. In this Room !

Ped. Say that agen.

Monf. Me have onely cast a Mist before your eye.

Ped. A Mist !

Monf. She be in dis Room ; onely she be invisible.

Avar. and Ped. Invisibile !

Monf. Dis be nothing but de stick of my Skill, my Art : me can make de whole Famile de whole invisible, si you play, Monsieur.

Ped.

Ped. And are you sure my poor Dear is onely invisable ?

Monf. Noting else. She be in dis Room still. Hift, dare she go.

Ped. Where ?

Monf. Dare, just dare.

[*Pedro catches at her.*]

O fee, she be too nimble for you, you canno catch her ; she serve you de slippery trick.

Ped. Aye, Sir, I am satisfied you can do Miracles, and all that ; but dear Sir, help me to her as soon as possibly you can.

Monf. She shall come by degree : De Mist before your eye shall vanish presant.

Avar. Sir, Sir, pray make an end of my businels, I am not very well, I am all-o're in a cold sweat ; and therefore pray help me to my Pearl agen, that I may go home to bed.

Monf. Bring in de Priest.

Avar. Priests, Sir, for what ?

Monf. Because me raise de Spirit, and when de Priest stand by, de Spirit have no power.

Avar. But are you sure they ha'nt ? wo'nt he tear me to pieces ?

Monf. No, no, dey be as innocent as de Lamb.

*Enter a Priest, who goes to Dorido and Clorinia ;
and Truro in a Priests habit, who goes to Avaritio.*

Avar. Dear Divinitie, stand by me.

Trur. Fear nothing, Sir, I am your protectour.

Monsieur conjures.

Ascenda, ascenda, ascenda !

A Spirit ascends.

Ped. The Devil, the Devil, the Devil !

Avar. I am dead, dead, stark dead —

Monf. Courage, dis be de harmles innocent Spirit ; dis Devil hurt no body.

Avar. Oh, Sir, the sight of him kills me !

Monf. Kill ! O fee, he be de good-natur'd Devil ; he be so far from killing, dat me vill make him dance to entertain you.

Avar. Dance, said you !

Monf. Me can command de Musick in de Air.

Priest. Now kneel, and take her by the hand.

[*to Dorido.*]

Dor. My dear *Clorinia*, this blessing is so ravishing, that I can scarce contain my Joys.

Avar. Upon thy knees, *Clo !* that's a good girl ; pray for me, pray for me.

Monf. Aye, Senior, she be very good Daughter, de pious Lady. But now observe my Art.

Monsieur circles his Wand, and the Spirit dances.

Monf. [*The Dance ended.*] Now, Sir, dere be de Jewel; make him a ver low bow, pass him a Compliman, kiss his hand, and tank him.

Avar. Kiss hand, said you?

Monf. Vat, will be uncivil to de generous kind Spirit?

Avar. Uncivil, with a Pox! I dare not come neer him.

Monf. Vat will you no take de Jewel?

Avar. Let him but lay it down, and stand a little further off, and I dare venture to take it.

Monf. Oh dat be no good fashion. You must take it from his own hand. Forward, forward, courage.

[*Thrusts him forward.*
He takes the Jewel.]

Your Compliman, your Compliman.

Avar. Oh, Sir, you kill me, you kill me!

Monf. Your tank, your tank.

Avar. I shall die, I shall die!

Monf. Your tank.

Avar. And please — your Devilship — I am your Devilships most — humble Servant — I kiss your fair hand, and so I take my leave.

Ped. Is he gone?

[*The Spirit sinks.*]

Monf. Now vere be you hurt?

Avar. Well, I shall never claw off this fright.

Enter Leonora.

Ped. My Dear, art thou come agen!

Monf. Did me no tell you she wou'd come agen?

Ped. My Dear, where hast thou been?

Leon. Oh, I have been the Lord knows where! I have been in a Trance, my Dear.

Ped. A Trance!

Enter Claudio.

Leon. When I sunk under the ground, a great two-handed Devil got me into his Cell, and caught me in his arms and held me so close, that he had like to have stiff'd me.

Ped. Stiff'd thee, poor Rogue!

Leon. And would you think it? he had scarce let me go two minutes, but the furious Devil caught me so agen.

Ped.

Ped. Come, Wife, let us be gone. I have been frightened almost out of my wits. Senior, your humble Servant.

Claud. Are you going, Senior?

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Leon. I thought to have put a Question —

Ped. Oh, no more Questions, no raising of damn'd Spirits, good Wife.

Leon. But some other time will do better. I am very well satisfi'd at present.

Claud. Dear Madam, adieu.

[*Exeunt Ped. and Leon.*]

Avar. Clo, and Valerio, come, have me home to bed. Oh sick, sick!

Monf. Oh no, Sir, your Daughter mus stay, and go to bed wit dat Gentleman.

Avar. How! what's this?

Dor. Sir, your Son-in-Law, the happy *Dorido*.

[*Kneels.*]

Clor. And your dutiful Daughter *Clorinia*.

[*Kneels.*]

Dor. Beg your Pardon and your Blessing.

Claud. Come, Sir, forgive 'em; they have lov'd one another, and now have made one another happy.

Avar. Hussy, is all this true?

Clor. I can't deny what's made in Heav'n. Yes, Sir, he is my Husband.

Avar. Cheats, Rogues, Villains, I am betray'd!

Monf. Betray! Oh no, your Daughter be onely marri'd to dat Gentleman by a trick of my invention; dat's all.

Avar. All, said you? Gypsie, how durst you play the Traytor, and see the Devil so neer you?

Dor. 'Twas her best policie to avoid him. The Devil could have no power over her whilst she was at so pious a work.

Monf. We, Senior; de Devil have no pow'r to take de fair Lady, especial when she be taking de fine Gentleman.

Avar. Not take her, with a Pox! If he would not take her then, let him take her now: for she shall never get one Cross from me.

Dor. However, let us have your Blessing, if we have nothing else.

Avar. Dissembling, cheating, jilting Varlets, go hang your selves.

Enter a Gentleman in Boots.

Gent. Gentlemen, I have been seeking for Senior *Dorido*, and was directed hither.

Dor.

Dor. Sir, I am the man.

Gent. An't please you, Sir, your rich Unkle at *Madrid*, Senior *Fabricio*, God rest his Soul, is dead; and dying without Issue, you are left Heir to his Estate. I am come Post to inform you, and desire you to come to take possession.

Avar. Heir to Senior *Fabricio's* Estate!

Gent. Twenty thousand Crowns *per annum*, is a Blessing comes not every day.

Avar. Twenty thousand Crowns *per annum*!

Dor. But is my Uncle dead?

Avar. Aye, so the Gentleman says. But be not afflicted; alas, we must all die.

Dor. I am not so much afflicted at his death, as at your anger and displeasure for marrying your Daughter.

Avar. Why truly, Senior *Dorido*, I have been a little angry with you; but I vow my anger's soon o're. And for any ill will I bear you, God knows my Soul —

Fabricio's Estate!

[*Aside.* Why really, Sir, I always had a great esteem for your person. Your Father was my very intimate Acquaintance, a worthy honest Gentleman.

Dor. But, Sir, shall we have your Blessing?

[*Kneels.*

Avar. Lord, Sir, what do you mean! Rise, rise; my Blessing on you both.

Dor. Monsieur, I shall study to requite this kindness.

Monf. Sir, it be always de grand business of de French man, to oblige de fair Lady.

Dor. But here — [*to Valerio and Claudio.*] — I must die a Deb-tour.

Monf. Vell, Sir, now me have done my magick Charm,

Next Circle dat you make be in her arm.

My Conjuring Art can boast var little merit;

'Tis de fair Lady dat can raise de Spirit.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Monsieur.

Begar, de Play be done, and now me guesst,
Journée, me Conjure vat be de success.
Tou tink de Play be dull, me tink so too :
And, Gallant, am not I a Witch, Morbleau ?
Play take, and Autor be so grand a fool
To turn de French Nation to ridicule ?
Dere's no such ting in nature : No begar,
De French-man be de Wit in Anglitar.
Dough be be fool in France, dat be no matter ;
Shange but de Scene, and come but cross de water
In English Air, be strait turn man of part,
Get de Lords money, and de Ladies heart.
And shall
De English Fop abuse him on de Stage ?
Journée, all my French blood be in a rage.
Damn d'English Aſſeur, English Teatre,
Dere's no such ting as Wit nor Aſſing dere.
De Wit, de Senſe, de Fame, and de Renown,
Be in de French Troop at toder end o'Town.
Dere Player be brisk aery Spark, here Dog
Of Aſſor, more like beavie English Log.
Beside, de English fool breed Beauties here,
And when gay Miſs does on de Stage appear,
Strait keeping Spark, undo de Teatre.
Dere's no such danger 'mong de wiſer French,
Dere matron Aſſreſt with grave face, fat paunch,
And greaſie look, more ſit for Bawd den Wench.
Here dull Comedian ſpend Ten thouſand pound,
Builde houſe, and aſt togeder ſeav'n year round.
Begar, dat be no good French faſhion ; Dey,
Like true Knight Erran, ſcorn ſo long a ſtay ;
Aſt but a week or fortnight, and away.
No Houſe, no Beauty, no Eſtate t'engage ;
Journée, dere be no Ruining deir Stage.

FINIS.